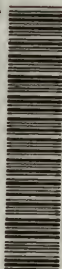


PR
6031
P948l

A
0
0
0
5
5
5
8
9
0
3



DC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

LINNETS
IN THE SLUMS

BY
MARION PRYCE



OXFORD
BLACKWELL

“ADVENTURERS ALL” SERIES
No. XVI.



LINNETS IN THE SLUMS.

ADVENTURERS ALL.



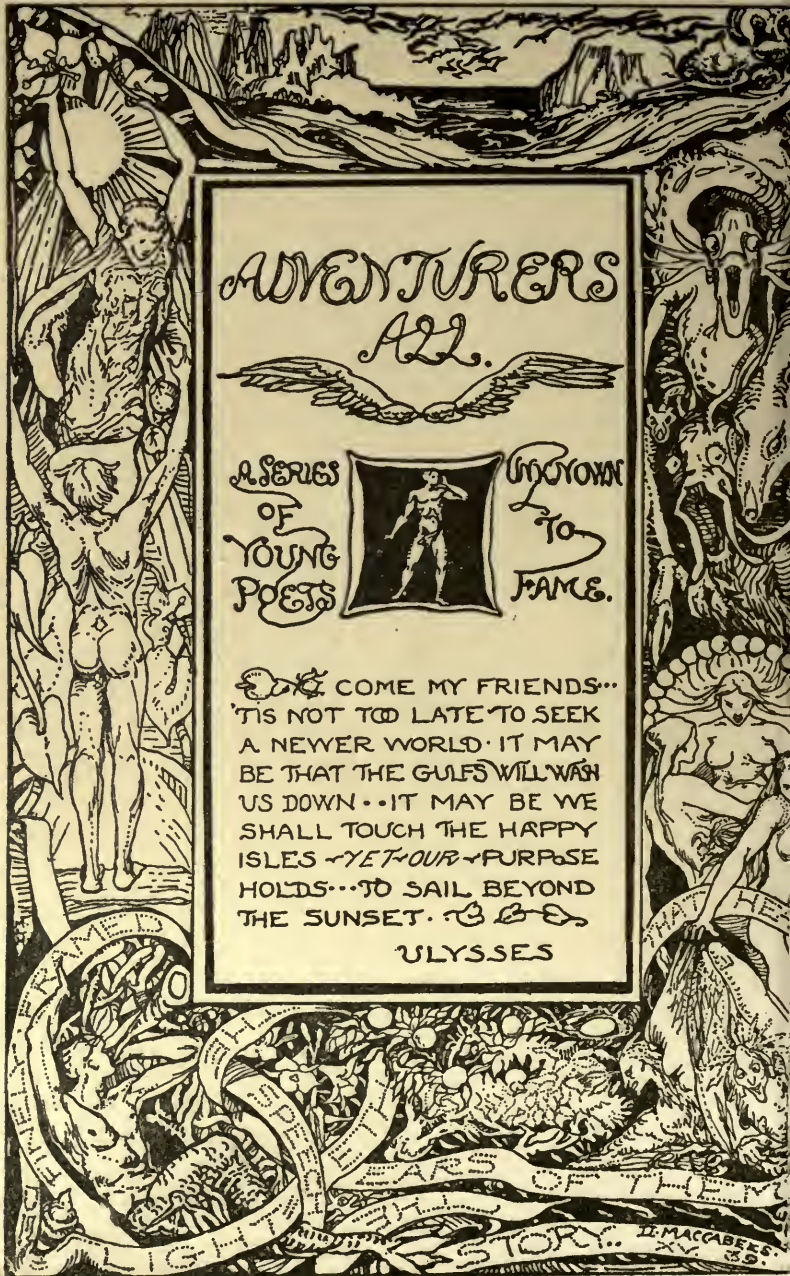
A SERIES
OF
YOUNG
POETS

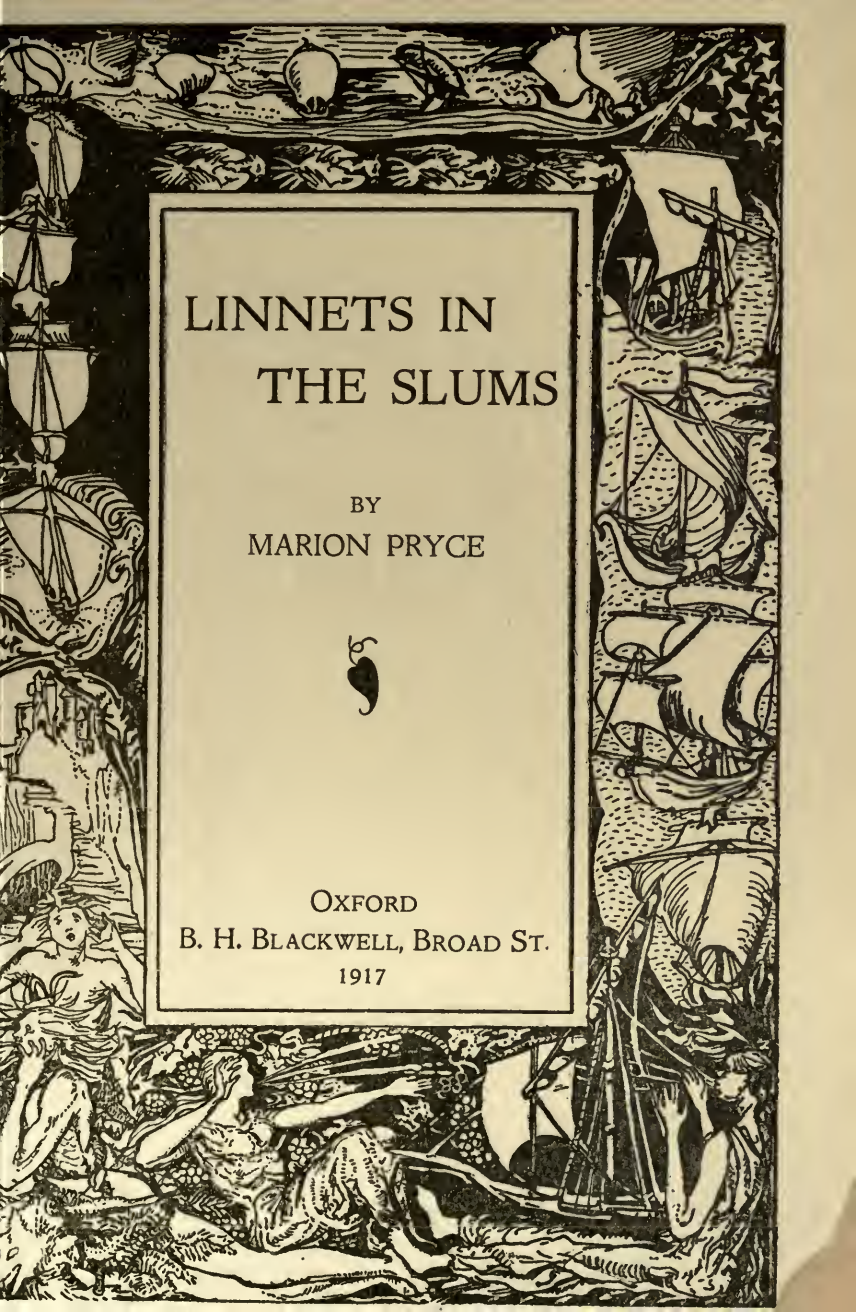


UNKNOWN
TO
FAME.

COME MY FRIENDS...
'TIS NOT TOO LATE TO SEEK
A NEWER WORLD. IT MAY
BE THAT THE GULFS WILL WASH
US DOWN... IT MAY BE WE
SHALL TOUCH THE HAPPY
ISLES YET OUR PURPOSE
HOLDS... TO SAIL BEYOND
THE SUNSET. 

ULYSSES





LINNETS IN THE SLUMS

BY
MARION PRYCE



OXFORD
B. H. BLACKWELL, BROAD ST.
1917

NEW YORK
LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.
FOURTH AVENUE AND THIRTIETH STREET.

CONTENTS.



	Page
The Linnets in the Slums	7
A Lament	9
Dulcamara	12
The Two Heavens	13
Rhododendron	15
Spring	25
The Yellow Trees	27
The Lemur	28
In the Street	30
The Starling's Song	31
To F. F.	32
Remembrance	33
A Song	34
Breaking Waves	35
The Moon	36
The Little Room	37
The Pool	38
A Leave-Taking	39
To L. M. P.	42
Love-Swallow	44
I. The Lodger.	45
II. The Landlady	47
III. The Gentle Lady	49
To a Street Singer	50
Konolfingen, Switzerland	52
The Weed	54
Flight	57



THE LINNETS IN THE SLUMS.

UNDER a grey ceiled sky,
Among the chink and stir and worry of life in the kitchen,
Where fire flashes in furniture, and stars in a copper pan,
Winked and went out with the warmth,
They watched from their narrow cages, with sparkling bead eyes,
The coming and going of days, the set and the rise
Of the fire. Grown sleepy and wise,
They blinked with their heads on one side,
While the days drew to weeks ;
Or sobbed, burying in little puffed breasts twittering beaks ;
Forgetting the whisper of leaves, the music of rain,
Remembering the moon as an old clock face in the corner,
Sleeping when sleep was a horror, and waking a pain,
Under the crouching clouds of the low grey ceiling.

THE LINNETS IN THE SLUMS 🐦

And April came over the unwashed floors,
April peered in at the panes,
And tapped at the dingy doors.
Hands lifted the cages down and carried them out,
And set them forth in the sunshine, liquid and thin,
High in the flickering golden colour of straw,
Those narrow wire cages, habitations of springtime,
Housing the flutter and whispering uproar of small birds within.
And they blinked and stuttered, the linnets,
And sang once more—
Sang of the little black kitchen,
And sang of the pans in the kitchen,
And the chairs and the clock in the kitchen,
Over and over they sang of the black slum kitchen.

A LAMENT.

SO lately born,
So old already—surely it was morn
When you left Heaven, now long shadows meet
About your peaceful feet.

Petal tossed
By furious winds, flake of the fairy snow,
Into my arms at last, your fragrance lost,
You fluttered—whither go
Your will dispersed, your laughter flown away?
'Tis night within your eyes that had been grey
With morning.

Your chilliness did burn when first I took
Your little hands to hold—they would not cling
To mine for comforting, they were so cold,
So terribly they lacked the furious hold,
The pitiful appeal of baby fingers.

Suddenly loved by me, your little face,
So strange, with lash-fringed eyes
And downy hair;
Upon my knees your baby's body weighs,
Still wild with Heaven, aureole you wear
Of innocence.

Little,

A LAMENT

Little, little face,
That has such power to hurt me,
In your place in Heaven
Have you still this look
Of understanding?

Rags for your burial robe,
And last night's "News,"—forgive,
What can I do, in this room sleep and live
Such little children, if they saw you lying
There, on the low down shelf, they would start crying
In childish terror of your solemn face,
Or else they would creep close and pinch the lace
About your neck, and stroke your hair,
And drag you down to play with—

There come four horses for you on the morrow,
Four shining horses, coloured black for sorrow,
(And flying scarves, long scarves, and plumes a-dance
Shall draw all eyes towards them,)

Outside the humble door, and, sleeping laid
Inside the hideous coffin, swansdown lined,
they shall prance
of fashionable wood,

A LAMENT

Down the narrow staircase you shall fare
Forth on your only journey, while the air
Thrills with the heartless cheer
Of criticism.
From wide flung dingy doors
Shall greet you vague applause and admiration ;
And as the slow hearse fares,
Unreasonable tears
Shall stream from bleary eyes,
And laboured sighs
Shall follow you, and stares
Of little children ;
And as it quickens pace
Without indecent haste
Beyond the narrow turn,
In the house where you were born
Someone shall sort and pack
Your few clothes in a sack,
Burrow and pick and choose
The new gowns and the woollen shoes,
That never warmed your feet—
Then with a jug she'll fare
Snivelling along the street.

DULCAMARA.

THOUGH I, unloved, make love with every man,
One face I kiss in every face, for dreams
Of you before them all against mine own
Do thrust your face, my Love; though I it seems
Allow another's glance and kindliness
To woo me, know in truth my weary head
Has found your arms, and as I cling to him
I cling to you—O Lost, and Old, and Dead!

Reach me your kisses through a stranger's lips,
Between whose arms my soul, in sorrow wise,
Slips into yours, long absent, so to win
Her only comfort. If my angel cries
Unfaithful, answer for me O my Love,
It is not faithlessness if love be true;
The real and the unreal, who knows which,
The face of dreams is his—but I kiss You.

THE TWO HEAVENS.

CLOSE-EYED, a stranger at the grill I peer,
Shut out! Shut out!
I listen, I do hear
The delicate singing issuing swell, nor doubt
Thee blessed inside.
O gentle heaven open thy ways to me,
I too would go
The long cool aisles to singing soft and slow,
And in the shadows hide.
Elect, dost thou
From thy strange sanctuary gazing down the aisles,
Look out, where to thine eyes the western door
Reveals through lattice-work the world outside
Never so green before—
A little heaven
Of lawn and leaves and golden sun that pours
Her light on these.
O child, beyond those doors
Dost see thyself, a form

As

THE TWO HEAVENS

As it might be
Wrapped in a shadow, beckon and implore
In the gold sun, under the golden trees,
Where spent thy life its days,
That never more
Shall lead thee up the ways,
Who hast unlatched Death's vast cathedral door,
And stepped the threshold o'er,
And to her halls of stone
Hast entered in alone.



RHODODENDRON.

"We have been driven out of Eden, where we could lie down with the lion and the bear and hear the angels speak. The swords wave always over the gate and forbid return and though we remember the music of the song our childhood sang in our soul, we cannot put it into words."—Stopford A. Brooke.

O DREAM-FLOWER of my youth, within whose frill
The child in me lives still ;
O rhododendron flower, at whose wide doors
My sorrow makes a pause,
And quits her house of power my weary will ;
Among thy dark green leaves
Light me my wisdom's tomb,
That the short years the thieves
Have built my soul for home.
Grant me, pale ghost who grieves
Among thy lamps of mirth,
A chaplet of thy leaves
To crown my heart's rebirth.

My

My fancy dots a fret
 Of gold within thy trumpet,
 And crimson-tinged a note
 Of passion warms thy throat
 No moon of Love shall sweep
 To rapturous song.

 Asleep,
 The timid saucer-eyed,
 Shock-headed, peering child,
 Whose secrets all were hid
 Beneath thy pyramid,
 To shreds her heaven is torn,
 That delicate fairy tent,
 Where lodged shy-eyed content,
 Where innocence had its home,
 Uprolled into a ball
 Between the thumb and finger
 Of leering Time.

Sweet song within a song, from which I dare
 To draw a meaning more than lingers there,
 As one who sings in secret low and long
 And sings imagined heaven into his song ;

Till suddenly the vulgar-eyed aware,
 With large ears listening, balks the tender thing
 Borne backward like some small bird shuddering
 At giant life.

Thy scent is like the soul of lost desire,
 Young in the days when every man is old,
 Too faint to stir the curious bending nigher
 To sense the essence of thy odorous fire,
 Who loses even all, within his hold
 The satin trumpet with its tongue of gold.

My errant childhood in a whirl runs past me
 Coloured with sunshine of ten summers' suns,
 More wise than I by far, whose wisdom lost me
 Perpetual childhood, she for ever runs
 With memory. Her fingers o'er mine eyes
 With sudden emphasis a moment crushed,
 Warm fingers, berry-brushed,
 With childish glee
 They clap the night into poor eyes that see
 Into no night of theirs—
 A rose dawn steers between ye, cushioned gaolers.

Now

Now like a passing wind
Her short skirts whirl unkind
Beyond, and to my fingers
The warmth of hers, that lingers,
Cools like a drift of snow
From regions where I know
My journey wears.

Wiser than I oppressed
With wisdom, happiest,
At least her careless gain
Mine own is beggar to,
For having torn in twain
The flower's horn, I through
My eagerness did lose
The golden honey drop,
That like a bead did ooze
And the green pinhole stop.
The golden horn that blew
The gold and liquid note,
I pulled its singing throat
In two ;
But she the bubble gem
Did suck from narrow stem,

RHODODENDRON 🐼

With fingers thin did squeeze
Rare wine unto the lees.

Knowledge and ignorance,
And one the accomplished dance
In time and tune, and one
The hop and skip and run
Of children out for fun.
Yet having learnt the steps
Wherewith a dancer goes
Upon her charmèd toes,
That random playfulness
Ye may not wilful choose,
That childish heedlessness
Ye must for ever lose.

God's children's children catch
A lilt of melody
Unheard by you and me,
Nor may we greedy snatch
The knowledge from them, we
With stupid ears, who spy
The light dawn in their eyes,
The smile upon their lips

The

RHODODENDRON 🌹

Stretch her pink curve, at tips
Rare dimples. Pity us!
Our own frayed lashes wink,
Our harsh lips curve, not thus
Our youth returns I think.
O pity, pity us!
We dream of a grand new song,
A song that shall leap and drink
Stars in its thirst, while low
And whistling and soft and thin
Speed secrets we miss, as though
Mice in the cornfield ran,
And we through the corn breast-high
Went trampling, and being man
Lose what the children know,
The way of the mouse down low,
Where the bright-eyed pimpernell
And the little "kiss me" pansies
Tremble and never tell,
Keeping the secret well.

Delight, that knowest no death,
Draw in thy odorous breath,

RHODODENDRON 🌸

And in the Spring anew
Breathe out the sweetness you
All winter harboured in
Dark leaves. I may not win
With death, my breath wears thin,
And like a note that flies
After its comrades, tossed
Into the air and lost,
I die as music dies.
If travelling back I cost
Memory dear with eyes
Recalled in dreams, I come
Like some old tune that moves
Life's thoughtless lips to hum,
Rumorous of its lost loves ;
Or as a ghost appears
At a closed door and knocks
Until an answer come,
Even as they turn the locks
It moans and disappears.

Bereft of careless ways
Who total up the days

Of

RHODODENDRON 🌸

Of niggard happiness,
Jealous lest one should pass
Gold-footed o'er the grass
And shun my sad abode
And wind its shining road
Beyond, alas !
And as a foolish man,
Attaining his content,
Looks down the perilous track,
And says : " that way I went,"
And longs to travel back—
I would have youth and age
Together in my ken,
I would have heart with boys
And still be wise with men.
In the things we knew in youth
Youth lives, and its hands to me
In the flowers of a flowering tree
Reach out.
Where art thou Youth ? cries he :
" I am in the swaying flower,
I am in the short-lived hour,
I am where you ever knew me ;

RHODODENDRON 🌸

It is you with your eyes aflame
Have forgotten my name."

I will go back and learn
The language of the flowers,
I will touch and see and hear,
And touching, seeing, hearing,
Grow one with the flower bearing
To and fro in the wind,
And nearer the great God Father
Who three times has spoken with me,
And once from a white-souled flower,
And once by a child that loved me,
And once in a dream.

Know, when
More familiar with God than men,
The shrill green springtime brings
Green leaves, green grass, and all things.
Under the emerald trees
Quivering with leaf-green shadows,
And the heart of a poet springs
Into the wonder, bathed
In the green light, and changed

For

RHODODENDRON 🌹

For the soul of the Spring, his soul
Looks out from its green abode,
Looks out between branches tossed,
Between leaves and leaf-shadows crossed
Over the blue-green grass,
To where his body unloved
Waits lonely and may not pass,
And is dumb and sad and unmoved,
He is nearer Truth and Heaven
Than some who have strayed from God
Up the great hills of learning,
Who stand counting the way they trod
In the miles of a man's discerning.

SPRING.

A PRILS that flamed and fled,
Thorn crowned and petal shod,
Scattering white and red
Over the hills of God ;
Left my fool's heart unstirred
Song of your April bird,
Sigh of your almond tree,
Ah, but a voice I heard—
"Charity! Charity!"
One with imploring lips,
One with an open hand,
Stood 'neath my hawthorn tree,
Spring in my wisdom's land.
All songs of small birds flew
Into his heart with wings
Silver and gold and blue ;
All joy, all happy things,
Frail like the wind-flower grew

In

SPRING 🐾

In his Love's wood.

In rings,

Silver and amethyst,
Dreams of an hundred Springs
Bloomed where my hot lips wist
Only the boon love brings.

Ah, Love of cruel lip,
Ah, Love of greedy hand . . .
Spring comes in search of me,
Spring in a foreign land.
Now the white hawthorn tree
Lifts up to Heaven, ah me,
Two gentle hands ;
And the pink Maytree glows,
Colour of crimson rose,
Two trembling lips it has.
No joy that to me creeps,
But tells of you, and weeps ;
No laughter in my ears,
But spells your name in tears ;
No leaf upon a tree
But whispers "Charity."

THE YELLOW TREES.

THE yellow trees outside my bedroom window,
They are more lovely than your shining hair;
They are quite different from you, always gentle
They are; when I wake I see them there,
Misty and young and shivering and golden.

The yellow trees outside my bedroom window
They have bewitched me; tall are they and fair,
I am never tired of watching them, I sit in the twilight,
When I hear you moving in the house I do not stir;
You are all unlike them, your voice is loud and sudden,
You are restless, your hands are hot, you cannot bear
That I am silent, and they are young and golden
They make me glad to live; and when I care
Little for you, and little for your pardon
Of my disdain, I see them in the garden,
I see them shivering, my heart again
Leaps in my body, they are so gold and careless,
Softly I sing in the room as I undress.

THE LEMUR.

NEVER again hand over hand to earth,
Furry and soft, and silver as the moon,
Padding his way, a little ring-tailed coon
Shall span the tree trunks to the crazy tune
Of scudding clouds and crosshatched silver light.
Never again, to any crooked rune
Chasing the nodding shadows of the leaves,
Racing the ragged undergrowth that weaves
A shifting way below a latticed roof.
Though all the dallying hours tell of mirth,
Though all the powdery branches of mimosa
Shake in the shallow dazzling light, and though
About the leafy fans of traveller trees
Stirs the familiar trade wind, whispering low,
Loomgale of lost delight, laden with memories.

But ever homesick for familiar shadows,
The broken, mottled, wagging, magpie shadows,
Homesick for surr of leaves and star-pricked roof,
Remembering below the laughing stars

The labyrinth of a tangled forest woof.
Hating the limitation, hating the
Eternal unintelligible company
That peers and pokes between his prison bars,
Faces that grin and, most of all,
The area of his narrow, close-walled home,
That measured stride,
That toil nor teeth nor jerks from side to side
Can alter, madden him.

IN THE STREET.

THE shadows of pedestrians at my side,
The flash of vehicles, and the preoccupied
Faces of the people that I meet ;
Strangers' faces hurriedly recognised
And lost and forgotten ; the rattle and spurt and boom
Of traffic, and the merry dance of the leaves,
The delicate whirling dance of the withered leaves,
The dance of the withered leaves in the open spaces,
Wind impelled, around, around, around ;
The dust rises and whirls with them puffing high
Into the shrinking faces of passers by,
Into the women's unveiled roseleaf faces,
Blowing their scarves in the air and their skirts awry,
And high in the air the little brown leaves are twirled,
Then scattered to earth again and trundled and curled
Into the sheltered places,
Under the seats in the turns of the walk
Where the old men sit in the sun and talk,
Where the young men group after dusk and mark
The lamplit beautiful faces.

THE STARLING'S SONG.

"TRA-LA," sang the starling—
"Life's wealth and beauty's crust,
And the warmth of the fires of men . . .
Grey smoke and flying dust,
Well! Well!

"Cold winds, cold winds,"
Chirped the starling;
"Dull times moth and rust,"
Chirped the starling;
"Life's wealth and beauty's crust
Grey smoke and flying dust,
Well! Well!

"Not that one minds,
Not that one minds."

TO F.F.

MY friend,
What mystery
Divides yourself from me?
For I have found it true
That if I laughing send
A pointed dart at you,
Surely it is myself
It wounds, and unto me
The cruel javelin flies,
And it is *my* joy dies.
And even while your hand
Draws forth the poisoned wand,
Your hurtful tenderness
Upon the place does press,
And to your troubled eyes,
Where all the questions grow,
My wounded heart replies
That *you* have hurt me so.

June, 1915.

REMEMBRANCE.

LIKE a sea that rushes
Between great rocks, between my thoughts
there comes

Remembrance—

It overwhelms me,
I am beaten by it,—I am caught
Like a silver straw in streaming water.

A SONG.

O LONG ago you sought me,
Within your hands a rose ;
Perhaps your heart you brought me
Within your hands—who knows !
But a shattered rose you left me,
Who failed to understand . . .
Come back again and love me,
With a red rose in your hand.

Rose petals fallen, fallen,
And last the thorny stem,
I find them every morning
Where once you scattered them,
No more a rose for ever.
The dream of you it stands
Half smiling, half regretful,
With *nothing* in its hands.

BREAKING WAVES.

BETWEEN the rocks' dark bulk a fairy view
Of feathery trees and sparkling roofs, faint coloured,
Delicate with distance, rose and gold and new
With morning.
And the sea comes through
The jagged rocks, gurgling, and strangely dark
With seaweed shadows, and the little restless waves
Curl and uncurl, and rise and fall away,
And rise again about the sad grey rocks,
And open in a fan, and in a spray
Of sprinkled foam, as a dancer might
Uprise on feathered feet with arms that ray
Outward with elegant gesture of delight,
All ere the face is viewed, ere won away
From quivering drapery the figure wooed,
To sink again.

THE MOON.

THE moon rose up as the sun went down,
And the wind was her fan and the mist her gown ;
She cleared the crest of the cloud's grey hill,
And her bland face shone in its golden frill ;
And she southwards sailed in the deep blue sky,
With her tongue in her cheek and a wink in her eye ;

And as ever she went
The sky's grey tent
With gold was sprent ;

And wherever she trod
She was hailed a god
By the little stars' nod.

THE LITTLE ROOM.

I AM as one grown weary of his room,
Heavy with memory's spices, kisses musk,
Who throws the casement window wide and leans
Into the dusk,
And smells the air like water, fresh and clear,
And wild like clover,
Sweet—(though all my wits shall not recover
Its milk-sweet freshness to you by these words,
Nor you remember,
Until again you draw your blind by night,
pale-eyed to peer
Forth from your window).

Turning does appear
So close so small, airless, the narrow space
Even as I seek again its sheltered cover ;
The four close walls, the little low-ceiled room
With twinkling, tinkling things, that lovers hang
To ring their faint and fairy-like applause,
Thinly uproarious in the velvet gloom—
As one grown weary of his room, who leans
Into the solitary wilderness
Of stars and dusk,
In love with wind and sky,—
Am I.

THE POOL.

MY heart is nothing but a pool wherein
The tangled shadows swim, a mirror where
The shifting leaves gape in distorted wreaths,
In which the blue sky balanced loses heaven
If one bough trembles even.

My restless heart, in whose dark harbour lies
A little tremulous heaven that laughs and cries
Enshrined in motion.

O happy boughs, O tree of joy that sends
Long quivering ladders that the gatherer breeze
To steal your coloured treasure swift descends,
A little while my laughing spirit holds
Your red and gold and crimson, as a pool
Catches in Autumn all the jealous pride
Of dying trees,
And makes a fire
Ruddier than all of these.

A LEAVE-TAKING.

HER voice was a flickering painted flame,
No longer flaming into my ear,
But I gleaned from her face what I did not hear,
I gathered the truth in glances as cold
As the colourless sun that between the trees
Cast light blades at us when the breeze
Disturbed the great boughs of the tree we stood under ;
Incensed I answered her :
"The thought tossed back that cries from me to you
Accuses me with colourless words untrue,
Even now into your face the slow dye passes
With low replies to all my thoughts ;

you speak

My overthrow by your averted cheek,
But love of you shall fill your empty place
Of form and face, and in the darkness bend
Above my bed and with your gestures lend
Your love to me.

Love shall wait upon me all day long
With your sweet face ; unaltered through the years
Love's ghost shall lift its voice and fill my ears
With messages of Love,"

I did

A LEAVE-TAKING 🐼

I did essay
To draw her back to me again in tears,
Who smiled on me, I know not how to say,
So easily, it might have been a play
That we rehearsed,
With trees for audience.
The leaves flew down and dwelt
About her feet, and sad and cold and grey
The pale mist rose, it seemed a nun who knelt
Grey-hooded in the wood, as if to pray
That those fond lips I loved would even move,
Would even move at last and learn to say
Something less bitter, something tender they
Culled from the depth of that still pool, her heart,
Rising towards the surface, where her gay
And shallow wit did shift and start
Like leaves on gloomy waters, borne astray
By treacherous currents.
Absently the sun
Smiled from the west, a yellow-throated bird
Trilled a last stave to celebrate the day
Departing.

She turned her face from me as if to say
She closed her gracious heart, she caught away
Her love from my distress.
No lily on those gloomy waters burst,
No bubble rose, no word of tenderness,
All, all was dark ; but this thing was the worst—
As my incredulous lips did shape her name,
So withered by her silence, by the flame
Of her hot utterance scorched, it seemed to me
Beauty and Love and all there used to be
In that sweet name deserted it and stood
Homeless and shivering near me, even as she
Turned swiftly from me, hurrying through the wood
Homeward.



TO L. M. P.

RICH with the loss of all you sold to buy,
Grey dust you will have bought
In false exchange, I cry,
For all your dear lips' guile
Of sad and sweet, of solitude and smile,
And the storm kiss of love within your eyes.

But you with never terror as your guide,
Love drowned and joy gone by,
Will to yourself be star in shrouded sky,
Your purpose candle-light
In middle night,
So will you hide.

And though too soon you win
All that you strive for least,
And noon's high trafficking
Finds different You released—
You only fling once more
Upon a nursery floor
Treasures you have outgrown,

Even as the nurse-hand gropes,
Falter your thousand hopes,
More swift you gather them,
Toys in your skirt's wide hem,
All things you strove to say
Unsaid.

So led along the ways
Your soul is stranger to,
There shall run after you
Pleasures with childish names
Clapping their hands, and joys
Like little girls and boys.
But it is I shall turn
And see them, never you,
Most happy stranger to
The Self you spurn.

LOVE-SWALLOW.

I CAUGHT your love between my hands,
I had no wits to keep it though;
The bird of Love so shyly sits
With burnished wings, and breast of snow,
Between pale hands that tremble so.
Uncurl the fingers one by one,
The love-bird, prison bars grown slack,
Looks up, perceives the bars undone,
Glances along his polished back,
Settles afresh his feathers, sings
One note, and darts aloft—
A dash of white, a flash of wings.

I caught sweet joy between my hands,
I had no wits to keep it though—
Thrush-summer in the roseless lands,
Love-swallow in the woods of snow.

I.

THE LODGER.

HE lived alone, his was a cheerless room,
Where no sun ever came, and it was small,
Room for his bed, a washstand and a chair
And one great cupboard where his few clothes hung,
And that was all.
No fire ever warmed the stove I'm sure,
He was too poor.
And once he brought a gentle lady there—
Gentle to him at least who was part man
But three-fourths child—and kind and fair,
Far kinder than the dullness that he knew;
Sunshine she brought and warmth, poor thing, poor thing,
She was so thin, so painted up, so tired,
But she was kind, and glad to come where none
Had been before.

Red-headed

Red-headed, thin and spare,
Defenceless, for how else,
He seized this recompense
For years how bare.
In his appealing eyes
Was crouched the great surprise
That Life should grant him this
Love, in a blossoming kiss.
"Too sweet," he cried, "Too sweet,"
'Twas the years' cry: "Give back" - -
"What, and this fair thing lack,
The only one?"
Keep it, and they will bring,
The years and further years,
A thousand lips like hers,
An hundred kisses.

II.

THE LANDLADY.

“**L**OST! Lost!” she cried, “Verderbt!”
She, of the faded lips and braided hair,
A German-Swiss.
She, whose strong nimble hands were ever busy
With sewing and cooking and washing and rubbing—
The gods told her no secrets, they sold her
Her long life cheap, for all its barren days.
What knew she of his eyes?
What knew she of the unfathomable ways
Of God with men?
Her prayer-book was well thumbed,
Her parrot-prayers, her outlook, these had dumbled
Charity in her soul.

She shut the door in his face,
And she shut her heart,
And crept to death her only hope of grace.
She sang in the evening to her zither,

But

THE LANDLADY

But the thoughts of him were hot within her—
“What would the neighbours say if they knew,
Gott in Himmel!”

She sang through
Many a hymn before her mind
Grew calm again, as deaf as blind
As it was before.
And he, shut out by the steadfast door,
The world was all more dear to him.



III.

THE GENTLE LADY.

AND she, she was the lily in the garden well,
She was the shrunken lily in the pond,
"Love me not" was all she had to tell.

"Love me not," there was no man that wooed her,
And seeking such, her fay-winged ardent soul
Had swept into base regions far beyond
Joy's boundary.

Only the feigned resemblance of her youth
Mocking her from the glass called out at times :
"You sold yourself," to which she answered, "Truth,
I sold myself

For fire and food and sleep sometimes and clothes to wear,
All that my body clamoured for, whom Life
Had dowered with need."

She did not say, "For Love I sold myself."

TO A STREET SINGER.

WHY were you singing in the street
Heart in Heaven, weary feet
In the gutter?

Why were you singing there
Love in the London street?

Why were you fluting in green gardens of Paradise
Song-bird of cloudy skies?
Gold moon you did sail in the ocean of pitiless night;
Wan face of a child in a tangle of sun-red hair
Shrill singing there.

With sullen joy in heavy loneliness
I hugged my purse of money, all I had,
My fire, my food, my solitary bed—
“I cannot give you any.”

But one by one,
Into your proffered bag
Drew penny after penny,
My soul's fears;

TO A STREET SINGER 🐾

And so my heart was healed,
My soul's tears dried,
And so was sped
The dream I had of gardens green, the angel's head
Of sunset hair, the infant face,
The moon above the trees—
All, all went from me in that moment I
Paid heed to my heart's cry.

And so I drove away the song that came
Thorn-crowned with wings of flame
For me to give it name,
I gave it copper coins to go away,
Opened and closed my hand—
The peace I bought is old and sad and grey,
The little peace I bought to make me glad . . .
Why did you stand
Singing?

KONOLFINGEN, SWITZERLAND.

AT Konolfingen the woods are dark and steep,
Wild strawberries hide in them and the trembling white
But through the trees the grass road upward leads [sorrel
To wind and heaven.

To wind and heaven through the trees and trees,
Past moon-faced scabious and the ragged spray
Of ripe wild raspberries, climbed we up and on
The steep green way.

At Konolfingen the woods, all dark and steep,
Were still as death ere we came trudging by,
Talking together, laughing, and out of breath—
And as we pass, the dragged-forth brambles they
Swing into place again with battered leaves ;
And where we careless trod the emerald way,
The moss with gentle movement stirs and heaves ;
And with the dusk a thousand moving things
Reveal themselves and fly and run and play
And leave no footprints. . . .

KONOLFINGEN, SWITZERLAND 🍄

And where the moss still moves they stand and say
Swift little words of wonder, and where still
The brambles show their lifeless hanging leaves
They start again, and fling their slender arms
About the wounded thing, and their thin sleeves
Hang down like veils.



THE WEED.

I PICK thee, dew-emppearled,
From thy hedge world,
Small crimson Christmas tree;
In my man's hand I hold thee,
Shake off thy delicate dust,
And view thee till I must
Marvel what sun did touch
Thy branches, outward thrust
In tiers about thee.
I hold thee high to match
Against the azure skies
Thy curious blood-red thatch,
And to my measuring eyes,
That upward gaze,
It is a pale green maze
Greets them, and rays
A roof of leaves in Spring
For their swift pleasuring.

I fling thee far, hay-weed,
Scatter the wind thy seed,
And furl thou pinion-wise
Thy sad fir-tree that lies
Low on the King's highway,
A plume of wine-lit red,
Till men and horses tread
Thy pride away.
I keep the thought that thou
Unto my heart didst give,
Who thieved the gist wherefore
Thy ragged self didst live.
Hurt that so slight a thing
Of wisdom loud should sing
To me, whose idle hand
Picked thee on common land.
I held thee for my jesting,
But thou my mirth arresting,
Replied with grave intent,
Until my hand became
The throne thou chocest from
Thy ambushed heaven to mount,
With fiery scorching flame
And terrifying shout.

Subdued

THE WEED

Subdued who sought a jest
With gravest thoughts oppressed
I am become.
My laugh's light-hearted note
A rattle in my throat ;
My sense of graceless need
Awoken by a weed,
That upright in my hand
Trembled its seed-hung wand.
And after many days
My heaven of content
Is torn from me ; where went
It, stricken dumb, the roar of wild applause
Myself at my soul's doors
Was wont to raise ?

FLIGHT.

THIS was not a friend of mine
Death had taken,
Voice, nor tears, nor prayers would waken . .
This was but a bird frost slew,
Ruffling all the feathers blue,
Stealing all the gleam and shine,
Of the breast incarnadine ;
This was but a child who, led
With a story for a charm,
Took the stranger's hand and fled
From his mother's careful arm ;
Just a flower that burst in flame,
A trembling flambard of delight,
Listening for its whispered name
To fly beyond the furthest night.

One singer less in all the woods of Time,
One bird for ever dead upon the snow ;
One child away unto the secret hills,
Hiding his shining self from searching eyes ;
One shallow cup no dew of morning fills,
Four petals blown beyond the earth and skies.

DVENTURERS ALL & A SERIES OF YOUNG
POETS UNKNOWN TO FAME & UNIFORM
VOLUMES IN DOLPHIN OLD STYLE TYPE IN
T WRAPPERS & TWO SHILLINGS NET EACH

¶ ALREADY PUBLISHED

THE ESCAPED PRINCESS, AND OTHER POEMS. By
WILFRID ROWLAND CHILDE. [*Out of print*].

THURSDAY'S CHILD. By ELIZABETH RENDALL. [*Out of
print*].

BOHEMIAN GLASS. By ESTHER LILIAN DUFF. [*Out of
print*].

CONTACTS, AND OTHER POEMS. By T. W. EARP.

THE IRON AGE. By FRANK BETTS. With an Introduction
by GILBERT MURRAY.

THE TWO WORLDS. By SHERARD VINES.

THE BURNING WHEEL. By A. L. HUXLEY.

A VAGABOND'S WALLET. By STEPHEN REID-HEYMAN.

OP. I. By DOROTHY L. SAYERS. [*Out of print*].

LYRICAL POEMS. By DOROTHY PLOWMAN.

THE WITCHES' SABBATH. By E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN.

A SCALLOP SHELL OF QUIET. Poems by Four Women.
Introduced by MARGARET L. WOODS.

AT A VENTURE. Poems by EIGHT YOUNG WRITERS.

ALDEBARAN. By M. ST. CLARE BYRNE.

LIADAIN AND CURITHIR. By MOIREEN FOX.

Others to follow.

¶ OPINIONS OF THE ENGLISH PRESS

'A service to literature.'—*THE NATION*.

'Beautiful little books . . . containing poetry, real poetry.'—*THE NEW WITNESS*.

'The get up of this series is very attractive. Type, paper, and the shape of the
are all good, and the poems are printed with a nice regard for margins.'

THE OBSERVER.

' . . . very creditable and promising work—work far more real, beautiful and inter-
g than four out of every six novels avidly read by thoughtless people.'

THE POETRY REVIEW.

'"The object of this series is to remove from the work of young poets the reproach
of insolvency" . . . if the publisher can bring about this result without lowering the
standard set in these books he will deserve every encouragement, for each has some
contribution.'—*THE GLASGOW HERALD*.

OXFORD: B. H. BLACKWELL, BROAD STREET

NEW YORK: LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

INITIATES A SERIES OF POETRY
BY PROVED HANDS UNIFORM
VOLUMES IN DOLPHIN OLD STYLE
TYPE ART BOARDS, THREE SHILLINGS
NET.

- I. IN THE VALLEY OF VISION BY GEOFFREY
FABER, AUTHOR OF "INTERFLOW."
- II. SONNETS AND POEMS BY ELEANOR FAR
JEON, AUTHOR OF "NURSERY RHYMES OF
LONDON TOWN."

BLACK AND WHITE MAGIC. BY E. H.
W. M. AND WILFRID BLAIR THREE
SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE NET.

"Both . . . have skill and assurance and are thoroughly
enjoying themselves, though now and then peeps somewhat
into their poems no mere skill can catch nor assurance assure."
—*The Times*.

"The perfect charm and fascination of these poems . . . are
the more remarkable for their rarity. Their atmosphere is
wonderful . . . If there be truer fairy poetry than this, we know
not where to find it."—*The Daily Telegraph*.

OXFORD POETRY SERIES

- 1910—1913 EDITED BY G. D. H. C., G. P. D.
AND W. S. V. WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY GILBERT MURRAY CLOTH BOARDS
THREE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE NET.
- 1914 EDITED BY G. D. H. C. AND W. S. V.
WITH A PREFACE BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SEWED, ONE SHILLING NET; ROXBURGH
PARCHMENT, TWO SHILLINGS AND SIX
PENCE NET. [*Out of print*].
- 1915 EDITED BY G. D. H. C. AND T. W. E.
UNIFORM WITH THE ABOVE.
- 1916 EDITED BY T. W. E., W. R. C. AND A. L. H.
UNIFORM WITH THE ABOVE.
- 1917 EDITED BY T. W. E., W. R. C. AND D. L. S.
UNIFORM WITH THE ABOVE.
- 1914—1916 IN ONE VOLUME, UNIFORM
WITH 1910—1913 THREE SHILLINGS AND
SIXPENCE NET.

OXFORD B. H. BLACKWELL BROAD STREET

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

Form L9-42m-8,'49 (B5573) 444

PR Pryce -
6031 Linnets in the
P948 1 slums

SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



000 555 890 3

PR
6031
P948 1

